

"VIRGINIA of WASHINGTON"

By Eleanor Austin Harris

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*"Haven't she nice blue eyes?" said Miss Dressel.**"Horror, child! Don't you say such things out loud! What if he should understand English?"**"Impossible, Aunt Ellen. German blondness, reading a German paper, traveling in a German train with baggage marked 'A. von S. Bremen.'"**"Virginia! What does possess you? I never heard you talk so!"**Miss Dressel laughed a hearty American laugh. "I am so glad to shake the dust of Europe off my feet that I can't keep it in. I'm so glad we're headed for Hamburg, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Große, America and Washington that—that well, honestly I should like to kick the epaulets off the guard's gorgeous blue and gold uniform. Don't faint, Aunt Ellen. I'll stop and not say another word for a moment."**For an hour and five minutes Miss Dressel sat silent, ostensibly watching the valleys, the German gables, the green of meadows and forests, as they swept by. For an hour and five minutes their young German fellow traveler read his German paper, and for an hour and five minutes Miss Ellen Vanstrum enjoyed perfect peace of mind. Then Miss Dressel coughed, and Miss Vanstrum inwardly caught her breath.**"Aunt Ellen," said Miss Dressel, easily waving her hand toward the scenery as if they were discussing it. "Aunt Ellen, do you know that young man has a dreadfully nice face, even if he is a German. Oh, don't look shocked. Just gaze out the window as if I were talking about the scenery, and he will never know the difference. I've been looking at him all over for the last hour. Just see what a nice firm mouth he has. He's so well groomed too. Just look at his finger nails. Oh, Aunt Ellen, I wish you wouldn't gasp so. I like his looks better than any foreigner I have seen in the five years we have spent in Europe. Really, I shouldn't mind being married if I could get such a handsome, well-groomed man as he is."**"Virginia, oh, Virginia!" groaned Mrs. Vanstrum. "It's—it's indecent to talk about a man like that when he can't understand."**"Don't joggle your pompadour crooked, Aunt Ellen," said Miss Dressel calmly. "Don't worry. If he understood English he would have betrayed himself long ago. He might be a chunk of pink and white and yellow taffy for all he understands of the English language. Thank goodness, Aunt Ellen, here we are almost at Hamburg. Here, let me tie your stool. You are getting on crooked. No, let me carry the suit case. It's a young house. Now for my last few—almost—on foreign soil."**The train had hardly come to a long scrapping stop in the great station at Hamburg when the door of the carriage was jerked violently open and a young man pulled the German out with a hearty grip, exclaiming in English:**"We're in luck. There was a state room unengaged on the Kaiser Wilhelm, and we can sail four days earlier than we expected. Good luck, man! Why don't you say something instead of looking at me like a dazed idiot?"**The German pulled himself together with a noticeable effort and began to stammer out something in German, when the other interrupted him impatiently.**"Aw, cut that out! You know perfectly well I can't understand a word of German. Never mind, come along!"**The young German flushed red, and with one appealing look straight into the eyes of the astonished Miss Dressel he picked up his suit case and was soon lost to view in the hurrying throng.**Miss Dressel silently picked up her luggage, carefully avoiding her aunt's eye, and for a minute after leaving the carriage she looked helplessly about her. Then the label "Berlin" on a carriage caught her eye, and without a word to her puzzled relative she took her by the arm, raced her across the station and pushed her in, stumbling in herself, just as the guard put his hand on the door to close it.**"Why—what—where?" said Miss Vanstrum.**"I don't know," said she nicely desparately, "but most anywhere out of Hamburg."**"But our steamer!" gasped Miss Vanstrum.**"What's losing a steamer, Aunt Ellen, compared with my peace of mind? I'd no more sail on the Kaiser Wilhelm now than I'd fly. Aunt Ellen, you're a jewel not to say, 'I told you so,' nor even to look it!"**"You haven't given me time," laughed Miss Vanstrum, "but I must say I certainly think it. There, I'm glad we're off at last. I don't think I myself care to come face to face with that young fellow again."**It was the evening of the last week of the season at the White House, and an unwonted air of anticipation pervaded the brilliant throng as it gathered in the great east room.**"They say she has one of the finest voices ever heard off the stage," said the wife of a South American diplomat. "But the family is one of the kind they call here 'F. F. V.' and will not let her accept any of the offers she has had for grand opera. This is her only appearance in public since she returned from Europe. There's Anton von Stosch. Did you ever see any one so eager to go everywhere as that man*

is? He's simply crazy about meeting Americans."

*"American women strangers, you should say," laughed a man wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor. "You can get Tony von Stosch to go anywhere just by hinting that some 'new girls' will be there."**"They say at the German legion that by actual count Tony von Stosch has met 800 'new girls' since the season opened. And he's still going."**As the ripple of merriment greeting this expression of the well known folly of the popular Anton von Stosch died away some one said: "Hush. The programme begins."**For some time Anton von Stosch watched the artists come and go; his face wearing an unwanted look of weariness and discouragement. For months he had sought diligently for the two American women who called Washington their home, who had been his fellow travelers from Berlin to Hamburg on that fatal August day. More than once he had followed a little active girl with glinting chestnut hair, only to find it was a stranger instead of "Virginia of Washington," as he had come to call her. Day after day, night after night, he had followed the whirl of social wheel, but never had he found a clew to their identity. He had spent hours poring over the city directory, but never a young Virginia nor an elderly Ellen proved to be the first bearers of the name he had met so oddly.**As a ripple of enthusiastic applause greeted the appearance of the star of the evening Anton von Stosch raised his eyes and then grew rigid as he saw "Virginia of Washington" in the flesh, smiling acknowledgment to the enthusiasm. One long look to assure himself it was really she, and Anton von Stosch sat back in his chair with folded arms and a look of content upon his face such as it had not worn in all the months he had arrived at the German legion. No sooner was the programme ended than he made his way to the blue room where Miss Dressel was holding court and without delay sought an introduction.**"Oh!" said Miss Dressel, her hand poised halfway toward his. "Why—oh, I'm glad to meet you. I'm sure," she ended lamely as she saw her examination and gesture had attracted attention. Anton von Stosch looked straight into her eyes as he took her hands.**"I am glad to meet you again," he said quietly. "I have hunted this town over to find you. May I call tomorrow?"**"I—I—oh, I really don't know," said Miss Dressel. Then she began to laugh almost hysterically. "It's all too absurd and I can't talk about it now—and please don't get offended, but I was so surprised and—"**"I'll wait," said Anton von Stosch, quietly falling back. "It is quite enough to know that I have found you at last."**Though he spoke no more to her that evening, Miss Dressel was well aware that he followed her from group to group and from room to room, as if fearful of losing sight of her. As the door of her carriage was snapped shut his face appeared in the opening, and he said quietly, but firmly:**"I shall do myself the honor to call upon you tomorrow afternoon."**Had Anton von Stosch been less eager or determined he would have waited until the conventional hour of calling and possibly have missed Miss Dressel for his convenience, but as it was he arrived so early and unexpectedly upon the scene that he was ushered into the library where she sat.**"I don't know how they do things in America," he said after the first greetings, "but I'm not going to lose any more time. I desire much that you should be my wife," he said simply, dropping unconsciously into the German idiom.**Miss Dressel had seen the night before just what the intentions of Anton von Stosch were, and she had been trying to make up her mind whether to let the affair run its course or to evade the issue by another flight. She was taken wholly unawares by the expeditiousness of his attack.**"But I've only seen you three times in my life," she gasped. "I can't consider anything of the kind from a man I know so little as that."**"You don't love another?" said Anton von Stosch, growing pale.**"No," said Miss Dressel, "but—"**"Then I'll make my fight," said Anton von Stosch, "and I mean to win. It's life or death to me—and no man who is a man will give up his life without a struggle."**That was the beginning of one of the prettiest courtships that ever crossed the horizon of Washington life, and since Anton von Stosch was a gentleman as well as a man of promise in his chosen career the wedding bells rang merrily over smiles and happiness and genuine wishes.**A Saving Scheme.**There was a struggling writer in the front studio and a struggling artist in the back. The struggling artist was very nice to the struggling writer for a time. He even helped her wash her windows once. Then it came about that one Friday he saw that she had a well filled envelope which contained some fives.**"I wish," said he, "that you would lend me one of those fives. I'm hard up this week. I will pay you back next."**The struggling writer knew all about those "next weeks" of the struggling artists.**"I would," said she, "but I am afraid I will lose your friendship if I do. Things like that have happened to me."**He looked at her sternly.**"You'll lose it if you don't," said he and set his teeth hard.**"Well, anyway," returned she, with a sigh, "I'll save my five."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.***Bad Stomach Makes Bad Blood.**

You can not make sweet butter in a foul, unclean churn. The stomach serves as a charm which to agitate, work up and digest all it be weak, sluggish and live and bad, impure blood.

The ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are just such as best prove to correct and cure all such degradations. It is made up without a drop of alcohol in its composition.

It is a pure, triple-refined physician being used instead of the commonly employed alcohol. This glycerine is of itself a valuable medicine, instead of a deleterious agent like alcohol, especially in the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia and various forms of indigestion.

Dr. Finley Ellingswood, M.D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of it:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. It is one of the best remedies for unfeeling, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis, catarrhal rheumatism, etc.

Glycerine is a valuable medicine, especially in chronic intestinal colic, especially the constipation caused by it.

It is also good for the cure of

constipation cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One or two a dose.

NOBLE STOCK.

Pride, Dignity and Beauty of the Modern Spaniards.

You may see today in any church

in Spain the somber dignity of

expression immortalized in the por-

traits of Velasquez, the sinister cast

of countenance of Philip II., the nose and

proud bearing of a Roman centurion.

In the Basque provinces the digni-

ty and pride of the peasantry are reflec-

tions in the graceful carriage and sym-

metry of movement for which the men

and the girls carrying

pitchers on their heads are justly cele-

brated. There is no trace of awkward-

ness in a Spanish peasant, on whose

features is stamped the pride of Rome,

who will talk to you with the ease and

vivacity of a Spanish courtier. It is a

noble stock.

Though today the glory of Spain has

departed and the modern Spaniard fav-

ors a western "bowler" and the won-

men Parisian hats, the national

type of Spain persists with all its dig-

nity and character.

Living types of Murillo's street urchins may be seen

in any Spanish village—a group huddled

together in some shady retreat,

brown, chubby, curly headed, merry

little rascals, lunching off a water-

melon picked up in the market, happy

as princes in their hempen rags and

with their meager morsel, or you

may see the sunny side of Spain as

Goya painted it—a dance in the open

square, a bridal feast, a bullfighting

carousal, a brawl, an elopement. The

apparel is less gaudy today, but the

sun and the types and the spirit are

the same.

That brawny picador with his wide

brimmed sombrero, his swarthy coun-

tenance, aquiline nose and raven locks

looks for all the world like a Roman

gladiator. The lad at his side, with his finely chiseled features, might have waited on Murillo's girl. And that young girl in her white lace mantilla and the red roses in her warm black hair—such a one Goya would have delighted to portray as she stands there with her delicate head defiantly thrown back, her lustrous eyes glow with mischief, the graceful line of figure and those

pursed and pouting lips.—Nineteenth

Century.

TONICS.

Two Edged Swords Capable of Mis-

chief as Well as Benefit.

There is perhaps no class of remedial

agents more abused than tonics.

The abuse consists both in the excessive

use and the misapplication of this class

of agents, which within a restricted

field possess an indisputable and im-

portant therapeutic value. The misuse

of tonics is doubtless the outgrowth

of a misconception of the real nature of

this class of remedial agents and its

imitations. Many physicians also seem

to lose sight of the fact that tonics are,

as has been said, drugs in general,

two edged swords which are as capable

of mischief as of benefit. Indeed, when

the true nature of tonics—as is true, in

fact of most medicinal agents—is thor-

oughly understood, it is apparent that

in cases in which they accomplish

the maximum of benefit there is also

a certain amount of injury inflicted

upon the organism, so that the effect

obtained is really and simply the dif-

ference between the mischief done and the